

# ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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## THE FROST SPIRIT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—You may trace his footsteps now.  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hills withered brow,  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green come forth,  
And the winds which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to the earth.  
He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador—  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er—  
Where the fisherman's staff is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below,  
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere into marble statues grow!  
He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Norwegian blast,  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bow'd as his fearful breath went past.  
With an unscathed wing as he hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.  
He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet shall feel  
The spirit of his glazing breath, and ring to the sky the hoarse  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaping grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.  
He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power away;  
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire light dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

## FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE.

France—Singular State of Political Affairs and Opinions Roman Catholic Influence Growing—Religious Liberty Wanting—Case of Mr. Pilatte—Some faint indications of an interior leaven in the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Editor:—Truly we live in extraordinary times. The preacher says:—"There is no new thing under the sun." (Eccl. i. 9.) But although the facts be not new, there is something new in the way in which they are received and judged of by men, in consequence of experience acquired in preceding times. We experience this, at present, in France, in a curious and remarkable manner. We are passing again through a series of events, which bear a considerable analogy to those which marked the end of last century. But there is this great difference—that instead of being taken unawares, like the generation of 1789, we are taught by the experiments which that generation made; and as these experiments are so recent as to have, for us, the character of a contemporaneous and almost personal warning, the present development of events something foreseen, at least, as possible. The Bourbons of the Orleans branch provoked revolution, as those of the elder branch had done, by drawing the reins of authority until they broke in their hands; and however sudden the thunder clap of the 24th February, many persons, without pretending to be prophets, had announced an overturn of some kind, as the natural consequence of the old king's inflexibility. The heads of the Provisional Government thought of a Republic, only because France had been republican; and the moderate majority of the present Government, which is now in power, in avoiding bloodshed, only because the excesses of the first revolution had inspired them with a salutary fear in which the sound part of the population shared. And now the known schemes of Socialism, have substituted in place of the ruling prepossession for liberty, the ruling prepossession for order, here is a Napoleon, who has been placed at the head of the nation by a greatly divided majority, but united in the secret desire of overturning the Republic. This Napoleon is generally supposed to have a mind that is made emperor, which he is now endeavoring to have thought, but for the example of his uncle. This supposition has gained strength in the public mind, since the change of the ministry, and the President's message of the 31st October; inasmuch that the uncle having reached supreme power by a master piece of policy, (*un coup d'état*, every body expects a *coup d'état* on the part of the nephew. Conversation, journals, all is full of this question: Will there be a *coup d'état*? or, When will the *coup d'état* take place? Will it be on the 10th December, the anniversary of the President's election? &c. &c. We happen to be in that singular position, in which the greatest events, in some measure, are foreseen, and discussed beforehand. Hence it follows, that by every body taking his measures likewise beforehand, either for or against the foreseen result, the jolts are less violent, the angles are less salient, the facts are less weighty, the time of every thing is less tedious—and we see the past as if in a kind of miniature, re-appearing. What I say of France, might be readily extended to the whole of Europe, where the revolutions of 1848 have been suppressed in 1849, only because the experiments of last century gave courage to the government, and frightened the populations. But, what do we know? Perhaps 1848 and 1849 are but the prelude of a new era. Perhaps, having once reached the end of the experiments of the preceding generation, in a few months as they cost it years, we shall see things altogether new rising upon us—new at least to contemporaries; and then only the real destinies of this wonderful age, in which God has given us to live, will be unfolded.

In the midst of our great political anticipations, religious affairs follow the same course, which I indicated to you in my preceding letters, and run more and more in that direction. The influence of the Roman Catholic clergy continues to increase. A decree of the President of the Republic has just decided that there shall no longer be required of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Literature, certificates of study, proving that they have studied in the establishments for instruction supported by the State. This measure, good in itself, might have been understood to be for the interest of liberty; but Mr. Parieu, the new minister of Public Instruction has taken care to make it understood, that its chief design is to give liberty to the colleges supported by the Roman clergy, to send their pupils to the colleges of the State.

At the same time, Mr. Pilatte, of whom I have already spoken to you more than once, has just undergone a new condemnation on account of the meetings which he held in one of the populous quarters of Paris. As these had at first been condemned, as presenting the characters of a club, and not of a religious meeting,

Mr. Pilatte had taken care, this time, to introduce religious singing and prayer, in order to establish undeniably their religious character; for the new law promulgated by the Constitution of 1848, more liberal than the preceding, expressly stipulates, that the provisions of the law against clubs, "are not applicable to meetings having for their object the exercise of any worship whatsoever." Notwithstanding this precaution, Mr. Pilatte was condemned a second time, first in the correctional police court; next by a superior court, called the *Appellate Court*, to which he had appealed, and from which he has just appealed to the supreme court, called the *Court of Cassation*. It is to be feared that the Court of Cassation may confirm the sentence of the Appellate Court; and yet it would have a consideration of very weighty fact for quashing it. Here follows what took place.

The advocate who defended Mr. Pilatte before the Appellate Court, Mr. Flaudin, a member of the Legislative Assembly—thanks to the present perspicuity of the law (*textes*)—had no longer to oppose equity to jurisprudence, as obliged to do before the revolution; the success of the cause beholding to depend on the clear establishment of facts, that is, their clear establishment in the eyes of the judges, to which all their efforts ought to have been directed. The Appellate Court, notwithstanding the request of Mr. Pilatte, had refused permission to subpoena witnesses; the advocate renewed his request to the court, that they might be allowed a hearing, and took conclusions to that effect. The appeal, indeed, could terminate in the rectification of the first sentence only on condition of its being sufficiently proved, that the incriminated meetings were real meetings for worship. Mr. Flaudin rested on the written minutes or process, the terms of which he urged; he quoted the testimony given to the religious character of Mr. Pilatte by those who were acquainted with him; he declared to the court, that he took pains to interrogate honorable men, who had been present at the meetings, and that they assured him, there were prayers at them, hymns, reading the Gospel, and preaching; if this be not religious worship, what is it? A Catholic paper, *The Voice of Truth*, in an article hostile to Mr. Pilatte's doctrines, nevertheless, acknowledged that his meetings had no other object. After having thus accumulated proofs, Mr. Flaudin once more tried to obtain the consent of the court to hear witnesses. They retired to deliberate on it, and on resuming their seats, they gave judgment, by which, declaring themselves at present sufficiently instructed, they confirmed the sentence of the Appellate Court.

You may imagine the astonishment, with which this summary justice was received by the numerous crowd present, which the importance of this trial had attracted. They expected simply to see the difficulty voided; Mr. Pilatte had not been permitted to add anything as yet to the pleas of his advocate; and yet the manner in which the presiding judge had questioned him, showed that there were prejudices in the mind of the Court, which it was important to have removed. Thus, when Mr. Pilatte spoke of his church, the presiding judge exclaimed: "A church, you say, of your own making." The public ministers likewise, assuming the posture of judges of Mr. Pilatte's religious tenets, had censured him for having touched some points of controversy in his sermons, and as they expressed themselves, "for having uttered sacrilegious language, which could not be tolerated by good people."

All this is not religious liberty. It falls exceedingly short of it. Meanwhile, at the side of recrudescence of Roman Catholicism, there are observable, in its bosom, some feeble germs of interior reform. Inferior clergy try to free themselves from the heavy yoke of the bishops, which some of them, years ago, of the efforts made in this direction, by two priests, (who were brothers,) of the name of Allignol, in the South. An Abbe named Chantome has just exposed himself to the displeasure of his bishop, by announcing his intention to publish a journal, the tendency of which is doubted by the episcopate. Thus far Chantome stands firm, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of his bishop. Will he persevere to the end? or, like the brothers Allignol, will he yield? The future will inform us. Be it as it may, all these attempts reveal the presence of an interior leaven, which sooner or later, (to use a homely comparison,) cannot fail to raise the dough.—Presbyterian.

For the Herald and Journal.

## A VISIT TO THE HERALD OFFICE.

To all the Readers and Patrons of the Herald, a Merry Christmas.

I have called upon you on this merry morning to fulfill my promise, by taking you on an excursion to Cornhill, in the great city of Boston. Albeit you in the country are in a condition much more comfortable than you could be in this hub-bub. As we have no snow, and the sound of the "merry bells" is not heard, we must e'en take the whistling winds; and now methinks I see a gathering, grave and gay, upon the splendid Common; just as the summons found them, they are hurried off, from the shop and the warehouse, and counting-room—from the farm, from lowing herds and bleating flocks, from the close and stifled room, carpeted and curtained, and suffocating from coal gas—and from the old family mansion, shrouded by branching elms and defended by the enormous pile of wood at the back door—from the old kitchen, whose sanded floor is white as the snows without, and the big fire-place, where burns and crackles the huge "Christmas log"—from the old settle whose back rises high above the heads of the happy urchins, cracking nuts and reading Christmas carols; from hill and dale and mountain and prairie, come the readers of the Herald, for a Christmas call upon the premises of the Zion's Herald.

How long and how long the "office in Congress St." was vacated and one foundation in Cornhill, the writer of "this present" saith not, and it matters little. "Cornhill" was "erewhile" a magnificent cornfield; the soil rich and having a cant to the sun-rising, it must have produced "tall corn;" and the crookedness of the street arose from the wayward disposition of the cows of yore, in passing from the lower part of the city to the Common, which erst was the common pasture. And indeed it is but a short time since that the new centre of the city, was out of the city. Pardon this rambling. We pass from the Common down Tremont Street, to the head of Cornhill, and sweeping down that bustling way, we reach the mysterious Number 7—and look you, friends, those fellows filling the doorway and puffing cigar smoke in our faces, are not porters, nor servants in livery, as the establishment cannot afford to keep such help, but are the drivers of the South Boston line of omnibuses. As the company is too poor to hire an

office, the drivers monopolise the entry of the Herald Office. Softly now, and we pass upon a flight of stairs, turn short to the right, and we are in the "office of Zion's Herald." Do not be alarmed, reader, you are among gentle spirits—and now for an introduction: you see before you a picket fence some four feet high; on this side is the court of the people, beyond is the place of the *genius loci*; "Brother Rand, your 40,000 readers—40,000 readers, your friend Rand." The agent of the Herald is a man about thirty-five years of age, standing six feet in his slippers, with a head which Fowler would call "a right good one," and a countenance indicative of good nature, with a liberal sprinkling of mirthfulness; he is full of letters, active and conscientious, with decision enough to prevent any act of deliberation, and firmness sufficient to command a negative to advance, if not to order a battalion to charge bayonet. His business tact is seldom exceeded, and it is well exercised in keeping in order all the complicated matter of superintending and publishing this great sheet. Our worthy agent is also a practical printer, and knows the p's and q's of a printing office, and he has become the *publisher* of the Herald, as well as the agent. Our worthy brother has just come in from the Post Office, and you see his hands full of letters. Now friends, dispose yourselves about the room as well as you can, only keep out of the way—fill that short settee, there, jump upon the table, hang on a nail, anywhere, only keep out of the way; the great scarcity of seats here is a standing notice, "no room for loafers." Ha, the long, good natured man is grumbling at something he sees in a letter: "Please stop my paper," he very quietly looks over his shoulder, and calm as a summer morning, says to our fine little friend Benjamin, who is posting the books at a high desk, inside the fence, "Stop Peter Portfire's paper."

"That's cool!" I hear some of you exclaim; but you should know the circumstances: now the fact is, Peter Portfire is not one of our 8,000 subscribers, and he cannot be singled out from among others; he is one of the atoms comprising the globe, and if one of them should rebel and "step out," the ball will still roll round, and the sun shine, and the stars glimmer, and the dew distil, just as of yore; so with the paper, though he concludes to withdraw: the Herald will not smother his crockery, upset her cook-stove, and give up house-keeping; O no, she will run on as usual. But the fact was, there were some five hundred delinquent subscribers on the agent's books, and they are to be watered; but it is a great task to write so many names, and so the agent writes out, and the boys from that copy print them, and off they go, all alike. Now there is a great difference in the cases treated, but the medicine is one, like Mrs. Squeers' sulphur and treacle, (perhaps you are at fault now, but if you are not acquainted with that celebrated teacher of youth you lose nothing,) and some it kills and some it cures. Now it so happened, that our friend Peter, albeit his name indicates his liability to explosion, was one of the best patrons of the Herald, and, prompt as he is explosive; he had paid up to some one of the preachers, who act as agents here, and the money had not yet been forwarded; and so the Herald loses a good subscriber and his children a good paper, by a misunderstanding of the difficulties attending the management of a concern so complicated as a newspaper publishing office; but Peter will come back, no doubt, when you tell him on your return home what wonderful things you saw in the Herald office.

But our long friend in glasses has broken a second seal, and as the Almanac makers say, "look out for a storm about these days." Hark, he reads, "Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Oct. 3d, 1849. My dear Bro. Rand—I shall esteem it a great favor if you would inform me by letter whether the New Hymn Book is yet out, and also what round goods are fetching in your market, and if there is any call for shovel handles, and—jump aside there, the poor, tortured agent is coming towards the stove!" He opens another: "Mr. Editor:—If the following lines on—." Now that letter, friends, should have been directed to the editor, not the agent, for the latter personage has only to do with the business of the concern, not the matter for the paper. Hear another: "Mr. Rand, you will oblige me by requesting Mr. Peirce to send me two dozen Hymn Books, 24mo." Now that letter had no business here, at No. 7; it should have gone to No. 5. Another complains because so much space is devoted to advertisements, and another because of so much ship-news; he lives at the foot of the White Hills. Another, because there is not more, and he lives on Cape Cod. Poor man!—the agent I mean—he gets many of the blows intended for the editor, but really unjustly dealt to either. Hark! he groans, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness." But these are but a part of the "ills the agent is he to," but he is a man of great patience; and altogether no one could manage better than he does, and I am sure hereafter, when you take up the welcome Herald, you will think of this long, lean, sharp pointed, gray eyed, active man kindly, and will say in your heart, "bless you may your shadow never grow shorter."

On your left in that corner is the little room of the Editor—rap, rap, rap—no answer, he is not in, and we must postpone an introduction to him until next week; in the meantime you can jump on to the ears and depart, and "the man about town" will give you due notice of our next interview. M. T.

Dec. 25.

## HOWARD AND THE KING'S COURIER.

It will be remembered by the historical reader, that the sword of Frederick the Great ruled in Prussia. The soldier prince, aware of the great political importance of rapid communications, had established a system of couriers, who traversed the kingdom in all directions on the king's business, with matchless celerity; a celerity, however, procured at the price of much inconvenience to the king's lieges. These messengers, wearing the royal color, commanded and compelled the assistance of all persons whom they met on the great highways. The will of the monarch was known, and a Prussian would as soon have thought of bearing heaven as throwing an obstacle in the way of one of his fleet couriers.

But Howard was not a subject of Frederick, nor was he a courier either through hope or fear. The incident referred to is thus narrated by Dr. Aiken: "Travelling in the Kingdom of Prussia's dominions, he came to a very narrow piece of road admitting only one carriage, where it was enjoined on all postillions entering at each end to blow their horns by way of notice. His did so; but, after proceeding a good way, they met a courier traveling on the King's

business, who had neglected this precaution. The courier ordered Mr. Howard's postillions to turn back; but Mr. Howard remonstrated that he had complied with the rule, while the other had violated it, and he should, therefore, insist on going forward. The courier, relying on his authority, to which in that country everything must give way, made use of high words—but in vain. As neither was disposed to yield, they sat a long time in their respective carriages; at length the courier gave up the point to the sturdy Englishman, who would on no account renounce his rights.—Dixon's Life of Howard.

For the Herald and Journal.

## DRS. PARKMAN AND WEBSTER.

MR. EDITOR:—There appears to be a very strange, unscriptural, and absurd idea in the minds of some of your Boston editors, and perhaps elsewhere, in relation to the exact amount of guilt to be charged upon the supposed murderer of Dr. Parkman. The position assumed by them seems to be that if the murderer was in a "fit of passion," the deed is somewhat relieved of its enormity.

Without attempting to implicate any one in the horrid transaction,\* we would simply inquire if the indulgence in one crime lessens the guilt of another which is consequent upon it? Or is the criminal responsible for both? Suppose a man, habitually negligent of his duties and obligations, is indebted to a poor widow to an amount which if promptly paid would relieve her from suffering. Suppose, though often called upon, he through sheer carelessness neglects to pay the just demand, and that she and her children starve to death in consequence—will his carelessness justify his neglect, and excuse him for the fearful result? Or is he guilty for both?

Is the profane man, whose anger excites him to horrid imprecations against Deity, excusable because he is mad? Or is he guilty for both his madness and his blasphemy?—The drunkard, who beats an innocent wife to death, dashes out the brains of his smiling infant, sets fire to a neighbor's house, and destroys his whole family—is he innocent of the crimes of arson, infanticide and murder because he was drunk, or is he guilty of all these in addition to the crime of drunkenness?

According to the theory above referred to, one may commit any greater crime and be quite excusable, if he had only committed several smaller ones to prepare him for it. If a sober man, of a peaceable disposition and in a mood of reflection, should commit murder, why, it would be a horrible murder indeed; but if a man who is drunk, or in a "fit of passion," strikes a dagger to the heart of a confiding friend, falls him to the ground, chops his bleeding body in pieces, hides his severed limbs still quivering with life, one here and another there, and burns the thinking head to warm his study while he sits down to plot further his damnable deeds of darkness—why, he is quite innocent!—a tolerable gentleman!—The crime is indeed enormous—he "could not have done it if he had been in his right mind"—but he was intoxicated by the devil—commit murder, why, it would be a horrible murder indeed; but if a man who is drunk, or in a "fit of passion," strikes a dagger to the heart of a confiding friend, falls him to the ground, chops his bleeding body in pieces, hides his severed limbs still quivering with life, one here and another there, and burns the thinking head to warm his study while he sits down to plot further his damnable deeds of darkness—why, he is quite innocent!—a tolerable gentleman!—The crime is indeed enormous—he "could not have done it if he had been in his right mind"—but he was intoxicated by the devil—commit murder, why, it would be a horrible murder indeed; 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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1850.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Let us look well to these nurseries of the church. The spiritual declension which has so generally affected all our religious interests for months, has injured not a little our Sunday Schools. Now at the beginning of the year is the appropriate time for each pastor and each church to review the condition of this department of their influence. A good sermon on this subject would be quite appropriate. Three things contribute much to the success of the institution.

1. Frequent visits from the pastor. If he can spend ten or fifteen minutes in passing through the school, speaking an encouraging word to a teacher, listening to the recitations of a class, or in concluding the exercise with a few remarks and a prayer, it will have great effect.

2. Preparation on the part of the teachers. This is all important, for without it the lessons will lack illustration and interest. The teacher should have a few good books, as Commentaries, Bible Dictionaries, &c. He should every Sabbath go to the school prepared to give some interesting explanation, anecdote, &c. Some may not find time for this preparation, but such cases are very few; the teacher who tries the experiment will be surprised to find how little time is requisite for it, and how much interest it affords to his people, and how much profit to himself.

3. Another means of interest is the continual addition of new books to the library. These are tempting to our New York press incessantly. They are beautiful, interesting, and exceedingly cheap; a very small pittance per annum would enable your library to keep pace with the issues of the Depository. Look to this point, pastors and teachers; it has a visible effect on the school to announce ever and anon the accession of new and attractive books.

Above all, pray much for the lambs of the flock. Sunday Schools have achieved untold wonders for Christendom; and yet their legitimate aid and power, we are convinced, have thus far been but partially apprehended by the church. Let us endue them with all possible efficacy, and seek continually that they may be endued with power from on high.

## THE ELECTION SEASON.

The ancient and good custom of religious services in the Old South on Election Day, was observed after the organization of the Legislature on Wednesday last. Rev. Mr. Bagden offered the opening prayer. It reminded the audience of "the good old times," in one respect at least, for it was full of a quiet hour. The sermon was by President Hilditch, of Amherst. He took three texts—Psalm 23: 1—2—3—"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," Psalm 5: 12—"Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have not knowledge," John 8: 36—"If you shall free them, you shall make them free, you shall be free indeed."

From these passages the preacher proceeded to argue very eloquently that Religion, Education and Liberty, reciprocally support and are essential to each other. They are the vital centres in the human system, the heart, brain and lungs. He pursued the argument by an appeal.

1. To the nature of the case; namely either of these great agencies or the others of necessity decay.

2. The Scriptures. Ample quotations were given.

3. History. Illustrations from ancient and modern nations were forcibly presented. The discourse was an hour long; very clear, and ably supported with some pungent allusions to the pretensions of high episcopacy.

## BIBLE SOCIETY IN CALIFORNIA.

The Pacific news furnishes the proceedings of a meeting for the formation of the San Francisco Bible Society. During the services of the evening, Mr. Ball, agent of the Parent Society, laid before the meeting the views entertained by the Society of the importance of the field now open in California for the circulation of the Scriptures. The meeting was also happily addressed by Frederick Billings, Esq. After choice of officers, a liberal subscription was opened to aid the Society in its operations. It is the design of the Society to establish a depository in San Francisco, where Bibles may be obtained in the various languages spoken by its citizens, and a supply of tools for this purpose are now on their way thither.

## CHEAP PAPERS.

The project of cheap papers seems to be generally distrusted, like the experiment of cheap railroad fares. One of our Presbyterian exchanges mentions the cases of two papers in its region of the country, which were induced to try the cheap plan by reducing their subscription price, both of which, after trial, announce to their subscribers that they shall be compelled to return to their old prices. One states that a handsome addition to its list was not sufficient to make up its losses; and the other, that the experiment has cost its publisher a positive loss of fifteen hundred dollars! We hope our denomination will not succumb under the difficulties that beset this important movement, but have the honor of demonstrating its ultimate feasibility. We have a potent agency for the purpose in our ministry. Let us drive it through triumphantly. We are a people who should disdain to go backwards in any good measure.

## THE PILGRIM ANNIVERSARY.

Forefathers' day was celebrated with much spirit in New York. The address was delivered by Dr. Bushnell. It is spoken of as an effort of great power and eloquence, unmarred by the wonted affectations of the Doctor's style and theology. Its leading thought was that the Puritans did not, *a priori*, plan the great results of their agency in the new world, but were unconscious of them, and that these results proceeded from their fidelity to their own circumstances—their obvious present duties, leaving consequences to God. It called forth emphatic testimonials of applause, and Gen. Scott is said to have lattered the floor well with approval, when the orator urged the supremacy of moral over material means for the advancement of nations. The dinner is said to have been a very fine affair. We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce, that among the magnificent decorations and complicated confusions with which the board was adorned, was one piece, entitled "The Red and White Rose of New England." Side by side stood the little school-house, and the church with its lofty spire, as they stand on many a village green—the one, from foundation to weathered roof, as white as paint and the love of the people; the other, small, dilapidated, and rusty, and but of an influence neither less powerful nor less extensive, than that exerted by its comelier and more attractive neighbor.

## WESLEY'S DEATH BED.

Our readers can see at the Depository, No. 5 Cornhill, a slight work seeing—a copy of the original English engraving of the Death of Wesley, by Geller. It is a large and truly magnificent affair. A lot of them has been received at the Depository, and they are retailed at the exceedingly low price of \$5.00. This is unquestionably the most splendid engraving ever produced, in illustration of scenes in the history of Methodism. The original English plate has, we understand, been imported; and it is hoped, therefore, that the supply of the engraving will be adequate to the demand. We would recommend our societies generally to procure copies for their parsonages. We have seen severe criticism on Sartin's *Messianic* copy of this great work; we cannot, however, pronounce a judgment on its comparative excellence till we have seen it.

## INAUGURATION OF PRES. ALLEN.

On Monday morning, 31st ult., the new president of Girard College, Professor W. H. Allen, late of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., was duly installed into office. An address, which was spoken of as a masterpiece of composition, was delivered by the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, who successfully assuaged the audience, the children and the new President. The reply of Professor Allen is said to have been noble and dignified; his address to the children was peculiarly appropriate and affecting. The whole exercises appear to have possessed much interest.

## Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM MAINE.

Something about Bowdoinham—its Church—Methodist Church—its Pastor—The Prospect—Augusta—Rumelling.

Ma. Editor:—In pursuance of a long cherished design, I recently visited Bowdoinham, a place endeared to me by a thousand associations, and interesting reminiscences of by-gone years.

This town is situated on the West side of Merry Meeting Bay and the Kennebec River, eight miles North of Brunswick, nine miles North by West from Bath, and twenty-two miles South by West from Augusta. It was incorporated in 1762, and now contains about three thousand inhabitants. The village is at the head of navigation on the Cattle River, and is somewhat famous for its ship building, and the enterprise and business tact of its inhabitants.

The town has five meeting-houses, three of which are in the village. Two belong to the Methodists, one to the Baptists, one to the Free Will Baptists, and one to the Methodists, Universalists, and Baptists. The appearance of the village has been much improved during the past year, by the erection of a new and beautiful church, and the fitting up of many more, and especially by the erection of a beautiful chapel by the Methodists, at an expense of more than four thousand dollars. This house occupies the most eligible and beautiful locality in the village, and contains some fifty pews, with ample accommodations for the choir on the same elevation with the pulpit, both of which are where they ought to be, done in the neighborhood of the congregation. The pews, aisles, pulpit, and singing seats are richly carpeted, and tastefully painted in Waterhouse's best-finish. The basement contains a well-furnished, well-lighted, and commodious vestry, and two class rooms, all of which, above and below, are warmed by two furnaces. Above, and over all, rises in beautiful proportion the steeple, with its silver-toned bell, which from time to time discourses sweet music to the ears of all who love the house and worship of God. Finally, the entire superstructure, for beauty, neatness, convenience and comfort, is equalled by few chapels in the State.

In the erection of their house, the society have been greatly encouraged and aided by the ladies, who with characteristic zeal and energy, have co-operated with their fathers, husbands, and brothers, in word and in deed, having by their sewing circle, &c., contributed some two hundred and fifty dollars. With such a band of ladies to aid, a meeting-house could be built almost anywhere. They were essentially aided, also, by the noble munificence of Orrington Lunt, Esq., of Chicago, Ill., a native of Bowdoinham, who gave them five hundred dollars toward building their house, and some fifty dollars to pay their parsonage. So that now the Methodist Church at Bowdoinham Village has a fine chapel and a good parsonage, and what is all-important, so free from debt, that in no conceivable contingency they can be embarrassed.

To this church and congregation, the Rev. A. P. Hillman breaks the bread of life. He enjoys sufficiently the respect, confidence and esteem of the church and community to do them good, and I confidently predict for them a time of great spiritual prosperity. God bless old Bowdoinham!

On my way home I passed a day at Augusta, in pleasant company with Bro. C. F. Allen, whom I found very excellently situated, with a large church and congregation, with whom he labors very acceptably and successfully. The Methodist Church in Augusta has been coming up for several years, and is now in a prosperous condition. May it increase more and more, and flourish like the palm tree, and grow like the cedar in Lebanon!

Augusta is a beautiful place, and if the law-loving and law-abiding citizens of the place, would rise in their majesty and remove the blighting curse of rum-selling, under which they are now groaning, they would do a service for themselves, the State, and their posterity, that would entitle them to the thanks of all the good and wise.

Skowhegan, Dec. 25.

## WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Patent Office.—Exploring Expedition—Indian Claims—Memorial of Washington—Franklin's Cause—Declaration of Independence.

Washington, Dec. 26, 1849.

I spent an hour or two to-day in the Patent Office. What a triumph of American genius, ingenuity and industry is here to be seen, in the almost countless varieties of models, plans, &c., all designed for some useful purpose of life! A visitor might linger here a month and still find something worthy of his admiration and study. So I hastened to the second story, which makes one magnificent hall 200 feet long and 62 wide, and here too are many things well worth seeing. In this room have been arranged in large glass cases, the rare, precious and immense treasures of natural history, collected by Lewis and Clark, under Capt. L. Wilkes. They comprise thousands of splendid specimens from Oregon, California, and the Islands of the Pacific, labeled and scientifically arranged. Here too may be seen an immense variety of other curiosities, illustrating the habits, pursuits, and religion of the human family in far distant and unfrequented regions of our world. In this case stand mummies from Egypt, and along side of them are placed the horrid looking heads of New Zealand Indians, with the skulls of Oregon and other far distant Indian tribes. In one of the former, found in the Columbia river, there is a little worn's head, built in the skull itself, which is covered with a fine, white, hair-like substance. One of the dead, literally, a living creature in this instance.

But there is still greater curiosity than all these—another large glass case which contains several of the personal effects of George Washington, to my mind objects of great interest, although an unbeliever in relics. Here is the suit he wore when he resigned his commission at Annapolis, in the year 1783. It is the old Continental uniform—blue coat lined and faced with yellow, with yellow vest and breeches, all made of cloth, and of very fine quality either. The coat is very large, and had originally ten large, plain gilt buttons on each side, three of them are missing—three smaller buttons of the same description ornament each cuff—three the vest pockets, were then on its breast, and two of these are gone. Close to these military garments hang as a certain few "swords" of his "smaller or sleeping tent," and "his War Sword." The sword is quite plain, nearly straight, having a black handle, without any guard to it; and its belt is made of buckskin, with a silver buckle, upon which is engraved "G. W. 1757 W." Opposite to the sword is placed the cane, gifted by Gen. Washington by Franklin. Its color is black, and the head gold, and seems very long for the fashion of our day. Between this cane and the sword hangs the original Declaration of Independence, ever an object of general interest and esteem.

In the lower part of the glass case are to be seen the Camp Chart of Washington, which looks the worse for wear, more than any of the other articles; this is a very plain old wood box. The plates were tin—the gridiron more than six inches square, and the whole table cutlery, five forks and two knives with black handles and of the commonest quality. His writing apparatus here exhibited is equally plain, and was contained in a small wooden box, having five little ink pots and one for the sand. Near by are two of the General's chairs, one cushioned and the other a stick-back. In another glass case is placed a lock of Washington's hair, cut at the time of his death. It is quite white, and preserved in a gilt frame, and near it is a lock of Gen. Bolivar's. If these remains of the greatest of men, could but speak their own history, what thrilling scenes, and deeds, and tales would they unfold!

## THE CHURCHES.

Good Times at Winchendon—Cheering News from New Hampshire—From Rhode Island—Maine—Marblehead—Vermont.

Amidst the general declension of religion, we hear occasionally the voice of rejoicing and hope. I ere is an encouraging instance from Bro. H. C. Dunham, of Winchendon, Mass.—

God has favored us on this station with a work of grace from the commencement of the Conference year. The church is moving on to holiness and heaven, united, happy and active. Our meetings are eminently spiritual. A score have been either converted or reclaimed, and still the course is onward. May God yet grant us a great work of souls.

Bro. Carter, of Wilmet, N. H., writes us, Dec. 31, in the following cheering language:

The Lord has graciously poured out his Spirit in this place. We think about fifty have been converted or re-

claimed from a backslidden state. I have received twenty or thirty letters from those who had been useful members of the church. Some have joined other branches of Christ's church; others have not yet joined anywhere. We are yet praying for a more glorious work. Pray for us.

From Rhode Island, also, we receive good news. Bro. Grant writes us from Little Compton as follows:—

The Lord has been pleased to display his saving power in this place. We commenced a series of religious meetings, Nov. 27th, in connection with our quarterly meeting, which continue at the present time. About forty-five persons have obtained the forgiveness of sins, and many others are seeking salvation. Our Congregationalist brethren in this place have been holding extra meetings nearly three weeks, and many others with them have given their hearts to the Saviour. To God be all the glory.

We have also a brief but cheering word from Maine. Bro. Canner writes from Anson Circuit, under date of 28th ult., as follows:—

While my heart has been made to rejoice to know that the Lord was at work in others, and converting sinners, I cannot but feel that the Lord is also at work in my heart. I have not forgotten us; we held a protracted meeting a few weeks ago at Emden; it gave rise to a glorious revival of religion; many have been converted, and many more have been converted, and the good work is going on still. We have received seventeen on trial, three have been baptized, and we are looking and praying for a general work of salvation. I have been visiting many families, together with some young people. Two aged people, over seventy-five years old, have been converted. Glory to God for what I enjoy in my soul.

Bro. Dunbar, of Marblehead, sends us a good word in the following note:—

As I am writing to the Herald on business, I wish just to say, to the praise of God, that we are enjoying a good revival in Marblehead. Twelve or fifteen have been converted, and the good work is going on still. We are looking for and expecting greater things still.

Bro. Kellogg writes us from Woodstock, Vt., as follows:—

You may please say to the friends of Zion that a glorious revival of religion is now in progress on this charge. The work has been mostly confined to Bridgewater, and the shower seems just now to reach this village. Between sixty and seventy have been converted or reclaimed from gross backsliding, fifty-three of whom have joined society; many of the converts promise much for the future. We enjoyed a previous season at our winter meeting last night. We expect to see greater things than these; and we would, through the Herald, ask the ardent prayers of the hosts of our Israel for us. Last night four came forward to altar prayer, and we are looking for more to be seen for sometime in our chapel. Seven have avowed themselves on the Lord's side in this place. Of an awful sinners' revival, we are looking for it. We are the right hand of our God. May we not be disappointed.

Bro. H. C. Tilton writes from Hampden, Me., Jan. 1:—

We are enjoying some refreshing seasons on this station. Some nine or ten have been converted, and quite a number reclaimed. But the most interesting feature of this work is the healing of some of the old wounds. With this charge has been afflicted for some years. Twelve of those who either withdrew or were expelled, have returned to the church—kind feelings prevail, and are looking for a general work of grace in our midst.

## METHODIST PRESS.

Missions Collections—Sunday School results—Progress of our Country—The Episcopate.

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN congratulates our Wesleyan brethren of Canada, on the increase of their Mission funds, and refers to our own slackness in this good cause. It says:—

"The contributions from our members and friends exceed in amount those of the preceding year by upwards of seven hundred dollars. This is a very gratifying result, and we believe is the only instance of advance for the year among all the Missionary Societies in America. It is a sure sign of a larger and more generous spirit among our American friends. The twelve Conferences reported a present falling off of twelve thousand dollars; a thousand dollars each Conference. Undoubtedly the necessity of the hour has produced this. We are, Canada, experiencing the same depression, should have been saved from a similar reduction in our income, and should be favored with an increase, demands our grateful acknowledgments, speaks well for the liberality of our friends, and exhibits in the strongest manner the confidence reposed in the Society."

THE SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE contains a leading editorial on "church extension," in which it argues the importance of Sunday Schools as nuclei of new churches in destitute places. It remarks:—

"That 19 out of 20 of the British Foreign Missions were Sunday School scholars. Morrison—the pioneer of the Christian Mission in China—was a poor boy straggling through the streets, when he was taken by the hand of charity, and through Sunday School instruction, prepared for the great work of his life. He was a man of great usefulness in the church of God. A small town in the West of England sent out ten missionaries, who had all been connected with the Sunday School. The greater number of Wesleyan ministers were trained in this institution; and the same may be said of ministers in our own country."

Our brother editor of the WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, under the harmless mistake that the passage of the last year "closed the first half of the nineteenth century," gives an elaborate and well written review of the improvements of the world during the last fifty years, or rather forty-nine years. We cannot regret the blunder, for had he not made it we might have lost an excellent article. Of our own prospects as a nation he says:—

"Fifty years since, the seat of government of our Union was removed from Philadelphia to New York. At that time we were a small people. Our territory, which was less than 900,000 square miles, has been enlarged by the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, the discovery and settlement of the vast continent of the West, and the acquisition of New Mexico and California, until it has been almost quadrupled in extent. Population has also extended over our territory. This Western wilderness, which had no organized state at the opening of the century, is now a cultivated field, and States have arisen stronger and more numerous than the most of the old confederates. Nor are their infant societies in a rude and unformed condition, but, like the goddess of ancient fable, who sprang full-formed and equipped from the brains of Jove, they sit down in council not to wait inferior to older States."

THE METHODIST EXPOSITION contends staunchly against Dr. Peck's construction of the Canada claim on the Book Concern. It suggests that the M. E. Church South, will probably form a Western Yearly Conference, at the next General Conference.

THE NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE is struggling manfully to complete and secure its plan of reduced terms. We hope our chequered papers will not refuse among the doctrine of cheap publications. The Advocate has some good remarks on the subject adapted to our own condition. It says:—

"Less than fifteen hundred are now wanting to complete the work in all the Conferences, and we are quite sure that this fractional balance will be no serious difficulty in hands that have so quickly disposed of over four hundred the amount. Besides the wisdom of finishing what is once begun, there is a practical motive for urging this work, and that is the impossibility of keeping a subscription list stationary for any length of time. If it takes two years to get eight thousand new subscribers, at the end of the two years we shall have to deduct all, who in the course of that time have had their papers stopped, so that the actual circulation will fall short of what was intended. This has been the case with us, to a certain extent; we have had to stop some for delinquency, and others for leaving the paper five or six months. The irregularity of the mails, or the exorbitance of an additional fifty cents, assessed in consequence of a neglect to make payment—But despite these causes, we are on the advance, and shall do as well as it now does, in the hearts of the numerous agents. We hope our brethren will, in all cases, where they are compelled to send a discontinuance, forward also the name of a successor. It is only by painstaking and united effort, that a cheap paper can be sustained."

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL contains some remarks on a late letter of its New England correspondent, respecting preachers who are faithful in pastoral visiting. The writer says:—

"I trust he would be as willing to stand corrected, as others to have the correction made. He affirms unequivocally, that those pastors in New England who visit extensively, neglect laborious preparation for the pulpit, and leave their Sabbath discourses to the chances of a sudden inspiration." It might be well to ask, what means he has to ascertain so definitely how much time these pastors spend in the study of the Bible, and how much in the study? The assertion should not be made, unless the proof was at hand to sustain it. Reason would teach us that the energy and decision of character which leads a man to visit every afternoon and evening, and to study summer's heat and winter's cold, would be just the thing to induce him to study hard in the former part of the day. Also, that the conscientiousness and love of souls, which leads him, like the Apostles, "to preach Christ from house to house," would induce him to make most labor-

ous preparation for the Sabbath services. That they thus do, I believe facts would fully verify. Such men are not the persons to waste time, reading newspapers, smoking cigars, and in unprofitable conversation in the counting rooms of rich men. I have found, what I presume is true in the case of most clergymen, that five hours hard study the year through, each day, from 7 A. M. till 12, is as much, considering our other duties, as most constitutions will bear. This gives every afternoon and evening for meetings and the pastoral work; and there is no society so large, but a person of energy can attend to it thoroughly in that time. And no congregation will have reason to complain that their pastor does not bring out things new and old, if five hours of each day are given to study.

The Advocate contains numerous cheering revival notices.

## FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Pope—Italian Refugees—Expense of the Church of England—Dr. Achilli—The Puseyites—Mr. Bickersteth and the Church.

We have no very interesting religious news from Europe, we give the following items:—

Pius IX. we are told, leads a very busy life at Portici. Since he came here he "has not had a moment's leisure." He visits monasteries and religious establishments during the day, and receives visitors in the evening. "Every body desires to kiss the feet of the Holy Father," says the *Osservatore Romano*. Three genuflections are his foot approaching him, after which he slightly raises his foot, and they kiss the cross embossed on his shoe." Afterward he may kiss his hand. The old man "rarely speaks of politics, but often of the hospitality and piety of Ferdinand II., the King of Naples. The piety of Ferdinand II.—the most despicable tyrant in Europe—had the bosom friend of the Liberal Pope, Pio Nino. Let him speak of it at Rome. They will laugh him to scorn."

Dr. King writes from Greece on the 18th of October, as follows: "For a few days past, I have been much occupied with the Italian refugees from Rome, in conversing with some of them on the subject of religion, and supplying them with the Word of God. Within three days I have sold to them nearly fifty copies of the Bible and New Testament in Italian, (Diodati's translation, which they prefer.) Several of them have expressed to me their full conviction that the Roman Catholic religion is not the religion of Christ. One of them has applied to me for from 500 to 1000 copies of Diodati's Italian Bible, for distribution. He says that when he was a boy he was confined, locked up in a room eleven days, and fed on bread and water, because it was discovered that he had in his room a copy of this Bible." On the 5th of November, he writes again, "I have sold to the Italian refugees, nearly one hundred and fifty copies of the Italian Bible and Testament. I have applications for more, but have not a single Bible left. Rev. Mr. Lownds has written to Malta for a supply, and more are expected soon."

The Church of England is supposed to have an annual revenue of ten millions sterling—a tax which bears with unexampled weight upon the people. A large portion of this is for the clergy. The cost, to the country, of the parochial clergy, in tithes alone, amounts to about six millions sterling, making an average of five hundred pounds a year, to the ten thousand seven hundred and eighteen benefices. This is all monopolized by some seven thousand incumbents.—Dr. Achilli is still in the Castle of St. Angelo, well in health and cheerful in spirits, fully relying on the support of his friends. Applications in his favor have been made to the British Consul, by most respectable parties both in Malta and in England, although no such stimulus was necessary to induce Mr. Freemon to exert himself as far as was consistent with his official capacity. These efforts have been productive of some amelioration in his mode of treatment; but the main question of his condemnation seems almost beyond hope, since he has lately been formally handed over by the tribunal of the Vice-gerent to that of the Inquisition. His case has been investigated by a council of talented lawyers, whose opinion was favorable to him.—The project of a new college at Oxford, which we mentioned lately, is now said to be a trial of the Tractarians for the purpose of training up "poor scholars" as Tractarian missionaries. Dr. Pusey and his friends are stated to have contributed nearly £3000, as a commencement of the fund to be collected, of which Mr. Justice Coleridge, and Archbishop Robert Isaac Wilberforce, are joint trustees. The Rev. Mr. Marriott, of Oriel College, stands forward as the ostensible promoter of this project. "This," says the *Church and State Gazette*, "the gentleman whose travels in search of Popery, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Allies, excited so much public discussion in March last."—The Rev. E. Bickersteth has written a letter to the *Standard*, stating that if the decision in the case of Gorham vs. the Bishop of Exeter, be in favor of the Bishop's opinion, which he (Mr. Bickersteth) considers to be a Popish one, his advice, "as that of an elder brother, is, let no minister or layman secede from our church at present, but rather remain in it, and help faithful men in it, while there is any hope of remedying so great an evil in their struggle to withstand error, and uphold the true faith of Christ in our church. Many available methods will still be open for setting aside such a decision. All the highest civil and ecclesiastical authorities of our country should be applied to before we weaken our church—the great witness for, and the great defender of, evangelical faith in the world—by leaving it, and before we allow it to be marred, and then rent in pieces, by a Roman construction put on our Liturgy, contrary to the known sentiments of our Reformers."

## LITERARY ITEMS.

The European papers say that Silvio Pellico, whose prison sufferings have made him known throughout the civilized world, has again entered political life. He has been in retirement during the late struggles of Europe.

BARON HUMBERT. In a private letter from Berlin to a gentleman in this city, received by the last steamer, the venerable Baron Humboldt, now in the 81st year of his age, "I have listened," the writer says, "with great interest to the streams of information on all subjects, which poured from the great and good man's lips. The King would do well to dine with him on his son's birthday, September last. For sometime after this, the venerable Baron was in poor health; but now he is again restored, and is hard at his labors."

THE N. Y. TRIBUNE states that a distinguished Hungarian exile now in this country, has in preparation, and now nearly ready for the press, a complete history of the recent war of independence in Hungary, including its cause, antecedents and events, military and political, with full notice of the men who played prominent parts in the great historical drama of recent times.

PAYMENTS TO AUTHORS.—The £6000 a year, for ten years, to Mr. Macaulay for ten years' copyright of the first two volumes of the History of England, is perhaps the largest sum ever given for a work in two volumes. The largest sum heretofore known to have been paid, are 4000 guineas to Washington Irving, for his Life of Columbus, in four volumes, octavo; 2000 guineas to Moore for his Life of Byron, in two volumes, quarto; and £4500 for ten years, to the present Bishop of Oxford and his brother, for the Life of Wilberforce, in five volumes, octavo; Mr. Twiss, 2000 guineas for his Life of Lord Eldon; and Mr. Stanley something like 1500 guineas for his Life of Dr. Arnold; but these were receipts upon the sale, not specific sums given by the way of speculation, like the payments of Moore, Irving, Wilberforce, and Macaulay. The largest sum ever realized by any one work, which it continued to be called a new publication, was £18,000, the proceeds of Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, the work of 12 months, and published in nine volumes, octavo, in 1826.

Lamartine still continues indisposed at Macon. He has called his monthly periodical, called "Le Conseil des Peuples," to a close, and has prepared a new volume, called "Le Passé, le Present, et l'Avenir de la République." He has been exceedingly successful, the sale of his work having surpassed his most sanguine expectations.

Gaizot was at the meeting for the admission of the Duke of Noailles into the Assembly of Sciences. He looked remarkably well, and appeared much interested in the oration that was delivered by the newly elected member.

Ebenezer Elliot, the corn law rhymist, is dead.

Alfred Tennyson, the poet, is now a resident of Belfast, Ireland.

PROSPERITY OF ENGLISH MISSIONS.—Some of the missions of the London Missionary Society are stated to be peculiarly prosperous. In the East, the Samoan churches have two thousand members. In South Africa, beyond the Orange river, they have 1,300 native communicants.

The State Temperance Society of Kentucky has sent a letter to Father Mathew, inviting him to visit that State, and adding that the Kentuckians do not desire to interfere with his views respecting slavery, and want him as a councillor and guest, in spite of them. This is worthy of the State.

REV. HENRY V. DEGEN, of the M. E. Church, South Boston, has been elected Chaplain to the Massachusetts Legislature.

BRO. FAIRPLAY will notice that we anticipated his article respecting the Christian Intelligencer in our last week's paper.

The Landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated in Charleston, S. C., by the natives of New England resident in that city. The speeches and sentiments were not only patriotic, but earnest in their attachment to the Union.

WORCESTER DISTRICT.—We learn from Bro. Hassall that good revivals are in progress in this District. From 400 to 500 have professed conversion since the Conference.

CHARITABLE SHOE SOCIETY.—This is one of the best charities of our city, and from what we know of its management we can guarantee the public that it is well managed. Its anniversary was celebrated on the 30th ult. by an eloquent discourse from Rev. T. S. King. During the last winter 200 pairs of shoes were distributed. Poor children especially receive the attention of the Society.

PROTESTANTS IN LYONS, FRANCE.—Out of about 200,000 inhabitants, 9,000 are nominal Protestants. There is one evangelical Protestant church of 420 members, from 350 to 380 of whom are converted Catholics.

The English papers state that Kossovit's furniture has been sold by auction at Pesth. The plainness of it was remarkable. His family have been liberated, and they intend to join him in Turkey.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.—Doctor Franklin, speaking of education, says, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY for January, arrived as we were going to press. It contains articles on *Plutarch and his Times*, by Prof. Tyler; *Jesse Lee*, by Rev. D. Curry; *Interpretation of Mark 9: 49, 50*, from the German; *Dr. Richards*, by Dr. Paddock; *Isaiah's Sir Lancelot*, by R. C. Pitman; *Condition of the Dead*, by Rev. J. Potter; *Living English Authors*, by Rev. G. W. Peck; *Egypt and its Monuments*, and the usual editorial. We shall notice it more fully next week.

BISHOP JAMES arrived in our city last Saturday, and will tarry with our churches several weeks.

THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S METHODIST MISSIONARY Society celebrated its anniversary last Sunday evening, at Bromfield St. Church. The President, Franklin Rand, Esq., made some appropriate remarks on the condition of our missions. Addresses were delivered by Bishop James and the Editor of the Herald. The amount contributed on this occasion, including the offering from the Sunday School, was more than \$350.

During the seven years that the New Hampshire Insane Asylum has been in operation, twenty-two patients have been received, whose insanity was occasioned by the Millaire delusion.

BISHOP JAMES will address the Missionary Meeting at Church St. Church, Sabbath afternoon.

LOWELL.—Our brethren of this city may expect a visit from Bishop James a week from Sunday next.

Very interesting communications are deferred to next week—some of them perhaps to a still further date, as we have a superabundance of them on hand at present.

The reports of the condition of our church generally are very encouraging. Revivals, more or less extensive, prevail in several of the principal cities. In the West we learn that all our interests are advancing; new churches, new academies, and new extensions of the work are being constantly made. Our last Minutes show a large increase of members; the present indications lead us to anticipate still more grateful reports the ensuing year. Let us begin everywhere the year with new hopes and higher resolves. "The best of all is, God is with us," said the dying Wesley, and if God is for us who shall be against us? asks an apostle.

PRACTICAL JOKE.—Some of our exchanges have come out with elaborate reviews of the first half of the century, assuming that the present year is the beginning of the second half. Some of them were wonderfully elo



**Science and the Arts.**

**REMARKABLE ROCK IN LAKE SUPERIOR.**—One of the most remarkable rocks which we have any knowledge of, has lately been discovered in the middle of the lake, near Copper Harbor. By a gentleman who has lately returned from Copper Harbor, we learn that a shaft of a trap-rock has very lately been discovered, rising in the form of a cone from the land, and, according to the above the surface of the water a distance of not more than four feet. What renders it more extraordinary, is that it stands alone, and all around it so far as examinations have been made, no bottom has been reached by any of the lead-line used on the lake; and the point of the rock itself does not exceed an area of more than six or seven feet square, and so far as observation of it has extended, it does not enlarge in size as it descends. It has already been stated, however, a source of alarm to the mariners who navigate the lake, who take special care in passing, to avoid it as a rock of iron, on one end of which, it is too small—too remote and dangerous to admit of a light, and therefore its removal will doubtless pertain to the duty of Government. A single blast from a bore of sufficient depth, would do it, but the surface of the rock being so near that of the water, and the space so narrow as to forbid any regular lodgement for the workmen, they would have to be attended constantly by a vessel of sufficient size to resist any sudden storm on the lake, and would also have to be kept constantly under way, as no harbor, or even bottom for an anchor is within a day's sail.

The discoverer relates that the rock appears to be a place of general resort for the salmon trout of those lakes, as they found them in almost incredible numbers, having, during their short stay, caught several barrels with their fishing two rods—one on one end, and another on the other, and having, in the process, killed several of the upper one placed in it so as to sink the flannel with it, and then secured by a string. Nothing can be more simple or more easily learned.

**A CHIEF FILTER FOR WATER.**—A very simple method exists by which any poor family may filter all the water required, viz.—by using a large pan or tub as the tank, and filtering the water (by ascension) through a coarse strainer into the hole in the bottom of the filter pot; and then, by pouring the water into a second pan, and allowing it to pass through a flannel, and then through a piece of charcoal and loosely covered with thin flannel—the upper one placed in it so as to sink the flannel with it, and then secured by a string. Nothing can be more simple or more easily learned.

**THE COST OF GAS IN LONDON.**—The average of gas in London to private consumers is about 5s. 10d. per 1000 cubic feet, equal to 6 1/4 d. or say a York shilling per 1000 cubic feet. New Yorkers are paying 40 cents for what the Londoners 12 1/2 cents! But more than this—a new company has proposed to supply the city of London at 4s. per 1000 cubic feet, equal to 4 1/2 d. or say 10 cents, per 100 feet—Journal of Commerce.

**LARGE PAPER MILL.**—The largest paper mill in the world is said to be the great mill at Darwin, in Lancashire, England. It cost £750,000, was worked by five hundred horse power, and steam and water; had nine paper-making machines, besides all others connected with the trade, and had a reservoir of filtering water which cost \$100,000. Nine years ago this mill yielded a profit of from \$60,000 to \$85,000 per annum.

**DEATH OF CHARLES LYELL.**—This gentleman, who was for so many years Vice-Lieutenant of the county, died at Kimbury on the 8th ult. Mr. Lyell was educated in the College of King's, and afterwards in the University of Cambridge, at both of which seats of learning he was eminently distinguished. Having passed many of his early years in England, Mr. Lyell returned to his paternal estate in the county of Kent, in 1826, where he has constantly resided since that time. Mr. Lyell's scholarship was extensive, ripe, accurate, and unostentatious. His piety was sincere, enlightened, and devoid of hypocrisy. His mind was fertile in gold. For many years Mr. Lyell's pursuits were scientific. He was the discoverer of a great number of British plants previously unknown. How much his labors in promoting Botany were appreciated by men of the first eminence, is proved by the fact, that two excellent works were devoted to him by his botanical friends, no less distinguished than Sir William Hooker and Professor Lindley, and a genus of plants (Lyellia) named in his honor by Mr. Robert Brown. In the literary world he is known by a translation of the lyrics poems of Dante, the first edition of which, printed at his own cost, was so well received by the public, that a London publisher obtained permission to print a second on his own account. Mr. Lyell's essay on "The Anti-Passional Spirit of Dante" shows a profound knowledge of the poet, and a deep insight into history, and is full of enlarged and philosophical views. These studies he continued till within a short period of his death. He has left an extensive botanical library, including among others several rare and valuable works, and his collection of the various editions of Dante and the writings of his numerous commentators, and of authors illustrative of Dante and his times, is such as could hardly be found in any private library in the kingdom.—Dante and Desiderius.

Mr. Lyell's heir is, we believe, his son, Sir Charles Lyell, the celebrated geologist.

**Gleanings of the Week.**

In the Herald of Nov. 14th was an extract giving the weight of a *rota* raised by Mr. Josiah Jenkins, the weight was 101-23 pounds; attached to the notice was "beast this who can." Mr. J. Carpenter, of Norwich, Va., says, "Tell him I have raised one weighing 150 pounds;" this beats it.

We are requested to state that by an act of the Legislature of Maine, passed in 1847, Waterman T. Boynton, of Merce, had his name changed to Waterman T. Kimball.

**PIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.**—About 2 o'clock, A. M., Jan. 24, a fire broke out in the dwelling-house of A. M. Gibson, of Bridgeport, N. H., which, with the dwellings of Mr. Boman and Miss Wetherbee, and the out-buildings attached to them was entirely consumed. In attempting to save some of his furniture, Mr. Gibson perished.

**CANADA TO BE ABANDONED BY GREAT BRITAIN.**—The London United Service Gazette has reasons for "hollily" announcing that the question of abandoning Canada, as a British colony, has been the most absorbing topic (with the Cabinet) and we learn from authority in which we are apt to place firm reliance, that it has been all but determined to give up Canada, as a dependency of the British Crown.

**CANADA.**—A despatch from Montreal dated Tuesday, says that a declaration had just been received from the State of Canada, with 1200 signatures, in favor of annexation. At Quebec the election of Chabot, a minister, will be opposed by Legan, an annexationist. At a meeting of the branch league, resolutions were adopted in favor of electing a Council of Confederate Unionists, for the purpose of adopting measures for the independence and union of the British provinces.

The *Exeter News Letter* says that there are now residing in Stratham three sisters, whose united weight is 630 pounds—weight separately, 200, 210, 220 pounds.

Mr. Hill, editor of the Farmers' Monthly Visitor, planted last fall an orchard of 400 apple trees, mostly Baldwins, Rhode Island Greenings and Roxbury Russets.

**HANGMAN'S PERQUISITES.**—Calcraft, who hung the Bromley murderers in London, sold their clothes for £130. He also derived 70 guineas from the most absorbing of them, which, after the usual expenses, he was left with a tidy sum. The tastes which could prize such relics is beyond remark.

**REMEDY FOR HYDROPHOBIA.**—M. Arago announced that M. Hénricourt, just returned from his travels in Abyssinia, has brought with him a medicine, which he had seen employed with entire success in cases of confirmed hydrophobia. The traveler offered a quantity of it, sufficient for all necessary experiments.

**A DISTINGUISHED EXILE.**—Among the many distinguished exiles for the cause of Liberty, lately arrived in our city, we notice Signor Filippini, late Professor of the law of the Roman Empire, and ex-member of the Roman Assembly. On the night when the Representatives of the Roman State decided to give a Government to their country, Signor Filippini proposed to proclaim the Republic, and his proposal was received and adopted, amid a thunder of applause. Being the true author of the fundamental decree of the Roman Republic, his life was in danger in Italy, and in order to escape the Cardinal's tyranny he has come among us to breathe the air of liberty.—N. Y. Tribune.

**NAVY YARD AT SAN FRANCISCO.**—The Secretary of the Navy designs, it is said, an entire equipment for a Navy Yard at San Francisco—frames and other materials for houses, workshops, &c.; steam engines, lathes, turning machines, and all other machinery for carrying on an extensive business.

**HERALD BUSINESS.**

**OUR BILLS.**  
Are now all sent out. We have taken great pains to put every one concerned in possession of his account. If, however, any one fails to receive the requisite information, let him write us, and we will furnish it.  
Agents will please exert themselves in collecting old bills, taking special pains to inform us of all delinquent subscribers who will not pay, and let us may strike with our list. Be sure to collect the accounts due by those who have discontinued. Our debts must be paid, and this we cannot do unless our patrons meet the claims we have against them.  
We also want most TWO THOUSAND OR MORE NEW SUBSCRIBERS, with pay in advance.  
And for we are ready to take what we can get from the business properly in one or two weeks. We wish to complete the present year, and let us may strike with our list. Be sure to collect the accounts due by those who have discontinued. Our debts must be paid, and this we cannot do unless our patrons meet the claims we have against them.  
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**POST OFFICE STAMPS.**  
Please send us the 5 cent stamps, as we can use them more readily.  
**HOW AGENTS MAY SEND MONEY.**  
1. Where you have but one subscriber to send you can retain your commission, and send the remaining \$1.25, without extra postage.  
2. Where you have a considerable sum in your hands, send it in the form of a bill, and we will accept it for cash.  
3. In many places, Post Office stamps may be procured, and the precise amount may be enclosed—these being the same as the bills we use, and we will accept them for cash.  
4. It is far better for all parties that Herald money should be forwarded by the agent immediately on receiving it; and in the case of new subscribers, we wish the money in all cases to accompany the order we have against them.

**THOMAS STREET MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.**  
The undersigned, having been a Committee to appoint the time and place, and make the assignment for the next meeting of the Thomas Street Ministers' Association, to be held on Thursday, February 12th, at 10 o'clock, to commence at 10 o'clock, and to continue till 12 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. J. C. Brown, at the corner of Thomas Street and Broadway, New York, and to be held on the following arrangement:—and hereby give notice that it will be held on Thursday, February 12th, at 10 o'clock, to commence at 10 o'clock, and to continue till 12 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. J. C. Brown, at the corner of Thomas Street and Broadway, New York, and to be held on the following arrangement:—and hereby give notice that it will be held on Thursday, February 12th, at 10 o'clock, to commence at 10 o'clock, and to continue till 12 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. J. C. 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## TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In the days when earth was young,  
By the fierce red light of his furnace fire,  
The strokes of his hammer rang;  
And he lifted his brow proudly,  
On the iron glowing clear;  
Till the sparks rashed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and spear,  
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!  
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,  
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,  
As the crown of his desire.  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shined out for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
And spoils of the forest tree.  
And they sang "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
Who has given us strength anew!  
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for the fire,  
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,  
For the evil he had done.  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind—  
That the land was fed by blood they shed,  
And their law for savage blind;  
And he said, "Alas! that I ever had made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and sword for men, whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his hand,  
And his hand forebode to smite the ore,  
And his hammer smouldered low;  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bared his strong arm for the work,  
While the quick flames mounted high;  
And he said, "Hurrah for my handiwork!  
And the fire sparks lit the air;  
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,  
And he fashioned the first ploughshare."

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,  
And ploughed with willing hands;  
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
Our staunch good friend is he,  
And for the ploughshare and the plough,  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its hand,  
Or a tyrant would rule the land,  
Though we may thank him for the plough,  
We'll not forget the sword!"

## LADIES.

From the Christian Parlor Magazine.  
THE LAND OF THY CHOICE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROF. HENGSTENBERG, OF BERLIN.  
By Mrs. H. B. STOWE.

A distinguished man in a large city died.  
During his illness his friends had merely said  
that he was "a little unwell," and a few moments  
before the death-stroke the doctor ob-  
served to the nurse, in a decorous whisper, "His  
appearance does not please me." The man him-  
self had been so completely deceived, as to the  
fatal nature of his disease, that it was only when  
he felt the hand of death upon him, that he  
started, and said, "I believe I am dangerously  
sick." A moment after, with a sudden roar,  
the thought thrilled through his soul, "Thou  
art dying." He struggled for a few moments  
—then all grew dark, and he sunk into an in-  
sensibility, which he supposed to be the com-  
mencement of annihilation. His friends stood  
horror-stricken and stupefied; and now, at  
length, they ventured to speak of his death.

The night winds in the lonely church-yard  
sighed heavily over the fresh grave mound of the  
departed; and above it, wavering in the moon-  
beam, a shadowy form seemed slowly and grad-  
ually disengaging itself from the earth. It was  
the soul of the dead, now breaking itself loose  
from its earthly tenement, as the butterfly frees  
itself from its withered and useless shell.  
"And am I then still living," sighed the de-  
parted, "and is there, what I never believed,  
a life after death? But how cold, how dreary is  
this solitude? Whither shall I go? Here the  
cheerful voices of some travelers, who were  
passing by the grave-yard into the city, struck  
upon his ears, and stretching his arms towards  
them, in an imploring tone, he besought them  
to take him with them into the city; but he per-  
ceived that they neither heard nor saw him;  
"Ah! I see how it is," he said; "I am no  
longer able to hold communion with living men.  
I am forever separated from the warm and  
breathing forms with whom I have hitherto  
lived. Whither then shall I go? Who will  
guide me in this cold and lonely world which I  
have entered?"

As he spoke these words an angel form swept  
downward from the skies and approached him;  
his figure was glorious, and his face marked with  
a strong, benevolent, yet somewhat sorrowful  
expression.  
"Son of Adam," said he, "thy connection  
with life is over. Thy Creator hath placed  
thee in the territory of the spiritual world.  
To what part of it dost thou now desire to be  
led?"

At first the spirit seemed overawed by this  
address, but striving to recover himself, he re-  
plied:—

"You treat me with more consideration than  
I had reason to expect, in the event of thy com-  
ing into such a life as this. In my past exist-  
ence, priests were wont to threaten hell and  
eternal torments to people of my habits of life  
and turn of thinking. I am now glad that I  
could see farther through the subject than they,  
and that I always treated their threats with  
contempt. But as you ask me whither I would  
go, I say, let me remain in this world, as here  
are all the things in which I have ever taken  
any interest."

"You forget," replied the angel, "that you  
can no longer hold any communion with men,  
or partake in any of their modes of life and en-  
joyment."

"Ah! too true," replied the dead, "I should  
be only a forlorn wanderer among the scenes of  
former pleasures; and could I reveal myself to  
my friends I should be only an object of terror.  
Well, take me then into the better land with  
you."

"The better land," replied the angel, seri-  
ously, "is large and wide. In my father's house  
are many mansions. To which of these would  
you be led?"

"To the most perfect of all, good angel," re-  
plied the departed.

"The most perfect," replied the angel, "is  
where God unveils his face—where Jesus is sur-  
rounded by the spirits of the just made perfect  
—where praises and hallelujahs to God and the  
Lamb are continually resounding."

The countenance of the departed expressed  
a feeling of ill-repressed disgust, as he answered:  
—

"Is there no other place but that, good angel?  
I never liked to hear about Jesus Christ, and I  
am sure it would be very repugnant to my feel-

ings to be anywhere in his presence; and as to  
all this psalm-singing and pious jargon, I al-  
ways had the utmost contempt for it, and do  
not find the least disposition to conform to it now.  
But bring me into the society of intellectual  
men, of philosophers and men of learning."

"There is no learning in this world but the  
study of God and of Jesus, as seen in all the  
multiplied forms of creation. If it displeases  
you to hear of Jesus, there is nothing that you  
can investigate here with any pleasure, for in  
him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and  
knowledge, and all things are by him, and for  
him, and he is before all things, and by him all  
things do consist."

"But then, if I cannot associate with your  
learned men," replied the departed, "bring me,  
at least, to the society of artists; for I have spent  
much of my life in the contemplation of the fine  
arts, and always found in them the greatest en-  
joyment. I think I am fitted for company of this  
sort."

"It is true there is such society here," replied  
the angel, "but the object of all art is to shadow  
forth, and express, by new images, the Divine  
beauty and grandeur, as it appears in all his  
works; but most of all as it is reflected from the  
face of Jesus Christ. If you can take an eternal  
delight in such exercises of the creative power,  
come with me."

"No, no," replied the dead, angrily,  
and shrinking back from the touch of the angel, "are  
these same ideas to haunt me everywhere? Take  
me to the society of the polite, the refined, the  
courtly; to such society, in short, as I have  
been accustomed to on earth."

"And what is refinement, but purity?" replied  
the angel. "Those whom you call the refined are  
those who stand with uncovered heart, be-  
neath the eye of God, yet look up to his face  
without a fear; in whose bosoms every passing  
thought may be read, yet not a blush rise to the  
cheek, or one shrinking feeling lead them to draw  
away from God, or each other. If, with unveiled  
heart, you too can be happy among these, ascend  
with me."

"For Heaven's sake, no," replied the dead,  
with a mixture of terror and anger. "What!  
have all my thoughts seen—I my heart forever  
unveiled—a fine eternity that would be for me  
I do, and he laughed in a bitter, derisive tone.  
"You must know—you must see," he suddenly  
added, "how you mock me, by presenting at  
every turn these same ideas. You know I al-  
ways hated and disliked all these images and  
associations; my whole life has been an effort  
to keep them out of sight; and so you suppose  
I can change in a moment so as to take pleasure  
in them?"

"I only tell you what is," replied the angel,  
in a grave and steady tone, "and again I ask, if  
all these things displease you, whither would  
you go?"

"Take me to those who feel and think as I  
do," rejoined the departed.

"You exile yourself from all good, in saying so,"  
sighed the angel; "nevertheless, come with me."

Then, as with broad wings the angel swept  
upward, they came near to a fair golden star,  
where might be seen forms of unearthly beauty,  
passing to and fro; and as they passed, they  
seemed to be communing in an earnest and lov-  
ing manner, or singing hymns in a sweet, mild,  
full-hearted joyfulness; and though there were  
many different voices, yet there was no discord,  
but all blended together in a calm and soothing  
harmony. But the spirit of the dead rebounded  
back from the sphere of the star, as by some  
natural repulsion, and passed downward into a  
shadowy region. And now they drew near to  
another world, where were forms of men, walk-  
ing slowly and conversing with each other, and  
ever and anon they looked upward with an earn-  
est and imploring expression.

"In this world," said the angel, "are those  
who never fully in their life received the offer  
of the Gospel by Jesus, but who died with a  
longing after truth, and an undeveloped germ  
of good in their souls. Here, by prayer and by  
searching, this germ is unfolded, till they ascend  
to the presence of God."

"Nay," said the dead, "this is not the place  
I am in quest of. I supposed here I should  
find an army of churches and priests, all in ar-  
ray to make a proselyte of me. No, let me go  
where all these things are never heard of."

"Then go," replied the angel, "to thine own  
place," and with these words the spirit of the  
departed sunk to a gloomy region that lay far  
below. The angel followed him not, but stood  
above. He then found himself joined by two ill-  
looking figures, one of whom, laying hold of  
him roughly, saluted him by a vile name, that  
reminded him of the sins of his youth.

"How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where am  
I now? Are there no laws here?—no police to  
protect me from abuse?"

The angel from above answered, "That po-  
lice which you found so convenient in the world  
you have forsaken, owed all its efficiency to that  
moral sentiment inspired by the religion of  
Christ, which you say you always despised.  
You wished to be where nothing of the sort ex-  
isted, and your wish is granted. This is a  
world where no relic of any of those restraints,  
which come from God in any shape remain—  
where there is no trace of any kind of virtue  
that had its origin in his laws and institutions.  
All that can be expected from the association of  
the ungodly and profane—the haters of God,  
you will find here; but look not for security,  
rest or peace of mind in such society. These  
only are to be had among the friends of God."

Then the face of the dead man grew dark  
with anger and blasphemy, as he bitterly re-  
plied:—

"I see now how it is, thou most holy, most  
virtuous, most devout son of God, thou most  
excellent preacher of righteousness. I am in  
the so-called regions of hell; this is what I am  
to understand; and call you this the land of  
my choice—this gloomy and sterile desert,  
where not one flower can unfold? Such a resi-  
dence is contrary to my taste, and therefore con-  
trary to justice."

"Nay," replied the angel, "it is not meet  
that the beautiful mansions of my Father's  
house should be inhabited by his children, who  
love his presence and enjoy his smile? Because  
thou canst not bear him there; and because all  
that thou findest there is disgusting and pain-  
ful to thee, therefore it is that thou art com-  
pelled to seek this outer darkness. According  
to the character of the soul, so doth the mate-  
rial world form itself around it. Around the  
pure and peaceful spirit, pure and peaceful skies  
arise; around the lovely and the good, forms  
of loveliness and beauty are constantly spring-  
ing; but around the dark-minded, and impure,  
and passionate, dark and stormy clouds forever  
arise; for the world without must forever im-  
age the world within. Such is the immutable law;  
and does it not seem to thee to be just?"

"It may be so," murmured the dead angrily,  
"but these vile forms around me, are these my  
equals?"

"They are so," replied the angel. "He who  
first addressed you was indeed a low and coarse  
voluptuary; thou was a polished and refined  
one; but still ye were both of the same order;  
and the artificial distinctions which separated  
you in yonder world no longer exist."

"And how long," rejoined the spirit, angrily,  
"is this to be my residence?"

"Till thou canst love God, whom thou now  
hatest; till thou canst find in repentance and  
submission at the feet of Jesus; till thy heart  
beats with the heart of the blessed—not far  
thence."

"Till then!" rejoined the dead man; "I love  
God—I ask forgiveness from Jesus! Never!  
never! never! Outer darkness—eternal storm—  
eternal fire were better than that. Here I  
shall, at least, have one comfort—to hate and  
despise and hold them in utter contempt for-  
ever. I am subdued? no, never!"

"No, never!" responded the angel, in a voice  
that thrilled through the dark region. "No,  
never! Thou has spoken it!"—AMEN.

## SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

They called me off a heedless child,  
And sometimes with reproving look  
They bade me curb my spirits wild,  
Full many a lecture gave I took,  
But all in vain; it seemed that fate  
Designed me for a reprobate.

I'm sure I did not mean to sin,  
I sorrowed when the deed was done,  
Yet somehow I was always in  
Disgrace for childish freaks of fun.  
Was it my fault that mirth and glee  
A chosen friend had made me?

At school alas! on some rude log  
All day I've sat in sullen state;  
While ruthless Mr. Pedagogue  
For tokens of remorse would wait.  
Could I my penitence disclose  
With nippers on my broken nose?

When others sinned (with conscience blank)  
To my account they placed the wrong;  
I was the mainpring of each prank,  
The scape-goat of the youthful throng.  
No matter what they chanced to do,  
They always said, "she told me to."

Somewhat they always made me think  
Of father Adam at the fall,  
Who, though his sin was black as ink,  
Upon the woman laid it all;  
And while his guilt and shame he knew,  
He only said "she told me to."

Hebron, Conn.

## LETTER FROM MAINE.

Androscoggin—Gander Corner—Gilead—Indian Ance-  
dote—Shelbourne—Gorham—Berlin Railroad—Milan  
—A Revival—Incidents.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS:—I suppose that by this  
time you have forgotten your quondam cor-  
respondent, in the luxury afforded by your pre-  
sentable corps of writers, but you will doubtless  
excuse the liberty with which we stir up your  
pure mind by way of remembrance.

Many of your readers are doubtless unac-  
quainted with the valley of the Androscoggin,  
in regions towards its source, and to them a  
brief sketch of its scenery may not be uninter-  
esting.

Leaving Bethel Hill, which is a pleasantly  
situated and flourishing village, in passing up  
the stream about three miles we come to a small  
village in the town of Bethel, called "Gander  
Corner," where is a store, tavern, or more  
mechanics' shops, with several dwelling-houses.

We next come to the town of Gilead. This  
town contains much of the very best  
and most valuable farms, but this beau-  
tiful vale is walled on either hand with lofty  
ranges of hills, mostly destitute of vegetation,  
over whose rocky sides plunges as we pass the  
silver cascade, making sweet music as it leaps  
onward to refresh the fields below. Here and  
there a vigorous second growth of birch or pop-  
lar clothes the mountain side.

Here, if you wish to find a Methodist tavern,  
just call on Rev. Ezekiel Coffin, whose liberal  
heart and hospitable family will make you feel  
perfectly at home. Brother C. was for many  
years an efficient laborer in the ranks of the  
Maine Conference, and ever since his retirement  
from the itinerancy has continued to labor for  
the welfare of the church. In this town the preachers  
of Bethel Circuit have a Sabbath appoint-  
ment, I think, once in four weeks. At present  
the Circuit is favored with the able services of  
Rev. Wm. Summersides. May his tireless ef-  
forts, and those of his worthy consort result in  
the great advancement of religion in this region.

Rev. Mr. Richardson, a clergyman of the Con-  
gregational Church, labored several years in  
Gilead, but has recently left, so that there exists  
a great demand for more ministerial labor.

Here is a house of worship, owned, I think,  
only in part by the Methodists, now, of course,  
unoccupied most of the time.

The early settlers in this region were greatly  
annoyed by the Indians, who at one time car-  
ried away several into Canada, besides taking  
the lives of some half dozen, I think. On this  
occasion, having conducted their prisoners some  
distance, the Indians told one Mr. Twitchel that  
he might return, at the same time charging him  
to follow the path in which they had come at  
the peril of his life; but soon after leaving them  
he took another route, and by this means prob-  
ably escaped those who waited behind in am-  
bush to take his life, who probably thought it a  
matter of economy to carry a scalp, than feed  
him while living, as beside him they had had  
enough to carry the burdens, their reward being  
still the same. How base the power that could  
"stoop to conquer" by such mercenaries! Our  
land is dotted with graves, the marks of this  
ruthless policy, but the tears occasioned by it,  
and the sighs and groans, are treasured up.

To be remembered when the final doom  
Shall break the slumbers of that nation's tomb.

Leaving Gilead we enter Shelbourne, in the  
State of New Hampshire, bearing the same gen-  
eral features as the town below; the interval,  
however, is more extensive, and the hills more  
generally covered with forests. Here we find a  
village presenting a most picturesque appear-  
ance, nestled among the hills. The church in  
this place at present is mostly unoccupied. If  
you wish to form the acquaintance of a true  
Yankee nobleman, I will introduce you to Rob-  
ert Ingalls, Esq., a man of wealth, of business  
talent, and the bearing of a gentleman. Here is  
an inviting field, and the M. E. Church  
should send a laborer there immediately. Send  
a man of talent, active habits and deep piety,  
and the Missionary Society would have to bear  
but little of the expense of his support.

Next we enter Gorham, a town having less  
interval than Shelbourne, but still containing  
many valuable and well cultivated farms; the  
same ranges of hills continuing at our right  
hand and left. Formerly the Freewill Baptists  
flourished in this town and Shelbourne, but at  
present, I fear are considerably diminished.  
The labor of a Methodist minister in this town  
seems very desirable, and would doubtless be  
greatly for the interest of the people. Still fol-  
lowing the noble river toward its source, we  
come next to Berlin, of less pretensions at pre-  
sent than the foregoing, but doubtless destined  
to rival all the rest. Here are falls that  
have seen in New England, or out of it. I shall  
not attempt a description, but will invite you to  
pay this place a visit at your earliest conveni-  
ence, and then I am sure that from your pen  
the world will learn something of its wild grand-  
eur and native beauty. The Atlantic and St.  
Lawrence Railroad is already completed to Ox-  
ford, about forty miles from Berlin, and as it is  
to be made through each of the towns already  
mentioned, will doubtless be completed as far  
as Berlin in eighteen months from this time.

At this point the route of the railroad leaving  
the Androscoggin, will doubtless trace down  
River to the waters of the Little Ammonoosuc,  
in Milan, thence to the valley of the Connecti-  
cut River. It is said that a depot is to be con-  
structed at the Falls in B., so that this place  
will have for years to come a very rapid growth.  
Mills for sawing, grinding, and other purposes  
have been in successful operation for many  
years, and a small village has already sprung up.  
Lumber in great quantities is still to be found  
in this region. Spruce and hemlock is seldom  
sawed, (although found in great plenty,) as pine  
still abounds.

Milan we next enter, which is doubtless a  
better township for agriculture than any we  
have mentioned, as almost every lot is suscep-  
tible of making a farm, some very much better  
than others. Both intervals and upland are  
good, and there are no hills which may not be  
tilled or grassed to their summits. I think the  
town already contains some 150 legal voters,  
and mills are in operation in four or five differ-  
ent places in the town, and others will doubt-  
less soon be erected, as purchases have already  
been made with that intention. There is a  
small village in this town.

A great revival was enjoyed some two years  
since, by which a certain section of the town  
was swept in a manner by the power of  
God, as to leave but three or four adults in im-  
penitence. But a few weeks since, I enjoyed  
the unspeakable privilege of hearing many of  
the fruits of this revival speak of the deep things  
of God, from whose lips had been heard only  
cursing and bitterness, during the years of his  
residence among them. Many of them had  
tried hard to believe in that species of infidelity  
which is called Universalism. One of this  
stamp, who had not been in a religious meeting  
for four years, was brought to God during this  
revival. While the meetings were in progress,  
he was one day, with his little son, at work in  
the field, when, being vexed, he used profane  
language according to his usual practice, at  
which his little boy looked in his face and said,  
"Father, didn't you know it was wicked to  
swear?" From this moment he found no quiet  
for his soul till he submitted to be saved by  
the grace of the Holy Ghost, and now the Sab-  
bath is hailed by that family as "the day of all  
the week the best," and emblem of that eternal  
rest which they are humbly seeking to obtain.  
While Universalism sends its delusive waves  
over their dram-shops, on hunting and fishing ex-  
cursions on the holy Sabbath, as with the individ-  
ual named above and thousands of others, the  
religion of Jesus attracts them to the place of  
prayer.

I might mention other interesting incidents  
connected with this revival, but I will not tell  
all I know, this time. Let me add, however,  
that this place is supplied with the labors of  
local preachers, and occasional Sabbath service  
by Bro. Bryant, of the Stark and Milan Circuit,  
New Hampshire Conference. I think that most  
of the town of Milan comes within the bounds  
of the Maine Conference as laid down in the  
discipline, as a line running directly North from  
the central peak of the White Mountains would  
divide the town, leaving but little on the West  
of said line; that part of New Hampshire  
lying East of the White Hills, and North of the  
waters of Ossipee Lake, are the words of the  
Discipline.

## DISTRESSING CALVARY.

Mr. Isaiah Hurd, of North Berwick, Me.,  
Widow Margaret Smith, of Moultonboro' Neck,  
N. H., and Mr. Orrin Clark, of Moultonboro',  
were in Winnepesaukee Lake, near the shore  
of Moultonboro', N. H., on the evening of the 13th  
of December.

Mr. Hurd was riding with Mrs. S., his sister-  
in-law, and called at Mr. Clark's to see if it  
was improper to attempt to cross at the time,  
and they were invited to tarry until morning;  
but Hurd seemed resolved on crossing, and Mr.  
Clark tried the ice with his axe, and said it was  
perfectly safe to cross. He however accom-  
panied them with his lantern, going before for a  
time, while the Universalists, who were accom-  
panied there was no danger. The horse was  
made to advance with rapid strides—soon a  
crash—and a cry for help from Mr. Clark, and  
all was still. A number of young men, with  
young ladies had assembled at Mr. C.'s for a  
singing and social entertainment, immediately  
ran to the fatal spot, but the silence of death  
was there. Only the lantern was seen as it lay  
burning on the ice near a large broken opening  
where the three found a watery grave, with none  
to tell the solemn tale. The horse was drown-  
ed. A boat lying beneath, soon the  
body of the woman was found partly floating on  
the water. Mr. Hurd's remains were soon  
found at the bottom of the chasm, but the body  
of Mr. Clark was not obtained till 12 o'clock  
the next day, it being found some distance  
under the ice.

Mr. Hurd was a business man and a respect-  
able citizen of North Berwick, Me., aged 40;  
he has left a widow and eight children.

Widow Margaret Smith was 45 years of age;  
she had buried her husband and an only child  
while living at Berwick, but for years she had  
resided on Moultonboro' Neck with her friends.  
She early experienced the blessings of religion,  
lived a pious, godly life, and no doubt rests  
now forever free from trouble and pain.

Bro. Orrin Clark met the last enemy, aged 30  
years and 5 months. He has left a disconsolate  
widow with whom he had lived eleven happy  
months only, an aged, infirm father, an only  
brother, now the sole prop of that afflicted fam-  
ily, and three widowed sisters to mourn his loss.  
Bro. C. was an exemplary, faithful servant  
of God for about ten happy years. He was a  
great blessing to his friends in their many af-  
flictions, an ornament to the church, a burning  
and shining light in the world. Bro. C. was a  
member of the Congregationalist church, but he  
was one of those choice spirits that claim affini-  
ty to all that is good. Certain it is, a Metho-  
dist pastor could find no truer friend than wid-  
ow Bro. Clark.

We bespeak for Sister Clark, a de-  
voted member of our church, an interest in the  
prayers and sympathies of Christians. The de-  
parted was the superintendent of a Sabbath  
School in his own neighborhood, and a much  
loved teacher in the Sabbath School of his pa-  
rish, and the youth especially feel that they have  
lost a friend. We all mourn our loss, but we  
feel that our friend is not dead, he lives. His  
death is being sanctified to the spiritual life  
of many in the neighborhood; professors are much  
quickened, and sinners are seeking the Saviour.  
O Lord, carry on thy work—come still in mer-  
cy, ere thy judgments again visit us out.

D. W. BARBER.  
Moultonboro', Dec., 1849.

## CONSULT THE TOWN CLERK OF EPHEBUS.

"I have heard you say," observes Dr.  
Mather, "that there was a gentleman men-  
tioned in the 19th chapter of Acts, to whom,  
this was the town clerk of Ephesus, whose  
counsel was to do nothing rashly. Upon any  
proposal of consequence, it was usual with him  
to say, 'Let us first consult with the town clerk  
of Ephesus.' What mischief, trouble and  
sorrow would be avoided in the world, were  
people more in the habit of consulting this gen-  
tleman.—Christian Mirror.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS:—I suppose that by this  
time you have forgotten your quondam cor-  
respondent, in the luxury afforded by your pre-  
sentable corps of writers, but you will doubtless  
excuse the liberty with which we stir up your  
pure mind by way of remembrance.

Many of your readers are doubtless unac-  
quainted with the valley of the Androscoggin,  
in regions towards its source, and to them a  
brief sketch of its scenery may not be uninter-  
esting.

Leaving Bethel Hill, which is a pleasantly  
situated and flourishing village, in passing up  
the stream about three miles we come to a small  
village in the town of Bethel, called "Gander  
Corner," where is a store, tavern, or more  
mechanics' shops, with several dwelling-houses.

We next come to the town of Gilead. This  
town contains much of the very best  
and most valuable farms, but this beau-  
tiful vale is walled on either hand with lofty  
ranges of hills, mostly destitute of vegetation,  
over whose rocky sides plunges as we pass the  
silver cascade, making sweet music as it leaps  
onward to refresh the fields below. Here and  
there a vigorous second growth of birch or pop-  
lar clothes the mountain side.

Here, if you wish to find a Methodist tavern,  
just call on Rev. Ezekiel Coffin, whose liberal  
heart and hospitable family will make you feel  
perfectly at home. Brother C. was for many  
years an efficient laborer in the ranks of the  
Maine Conference, and ever since his retirement  
from the itinerancy has continued to labor for  
the welfare of the church. In this town the preachers  
of Bethel Circuit have a Sabbath appoint-  
ment, I think, once in four weeks. At present  
the Circuit is favored with the able services of  
Rev. Wm. Summersides. May his tireless ef-  
forts, and those of his worthy consort result in  
the great advancement of religion in this region.

Rev. Mr. Richardson, a clergyman of the Con-  
gregational Church, labored several years in  
Gilead, but has recently left, so that there exists  
a great demand for more ministerial labor.

## ANSWER TO CHAUNCE.

MR. EDITOR:—In reading the *Chronicle* in the Herald  
of Dec. 19, it occurred to my mind that Dr. Cornwell  
surrendered to the Yankees at the siege of Yorktown.

## ANSWER TO GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

The two hypotheses are, for the longest 52-18-100  
perches, and the other 35-7-100, and that the perpendicu-  
lar will cut the base 45-25-100 from one of the angles,  
and 25-50-100 from the other.

Now my hand is in, permit me to propose one or two  
problems:—

First. What will be the length of a side of an equal-  
lateral triangle which shall contain 50 acres, and the  
length of a perpendicular from one of its sides to its op-  
posite angle?

Second. What will be the dimensions of a parallelo-  
gram which will admit of a line of 90 perches to be  
drawn from the first corner to the centre of the second  
line, and a line of 80 perches from the third corner to the  
centre of the first line, and what will be the length of the  
diagonal?

Our Mathematical Friend of Cumberland Co., Maine,  
has answered the Geometrical question of the 19th inst.,  
but the printer finds not on hand the necessary characters  
by which to express it.—ED. HERALD.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Died at his residence, near Xenia, Ohio, Oct.  
11, MR. JOSEPH CANNABLE, in the 67th year  
of his age, and thirty-eighth of his connection  
with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1811  
he joined the church. His experience, at first,  
was not so clear as some; yet he continued in  
the strict observance of his family, social, and  
public duties, until he obtained assurance of his  
acceptance with God. From the commencement  
of his relations to the church, his house  
became the home of the itinerant. In the ear-  
lier days of their ministry, the lamented Os-  
trander, Scofield, M'Canis, Fisk, Merrill, Scott,  
Andrews and Leavings, in their rounds of duty,  
with many others, still on their way to the pil-  
grim's home, found a resting-place at his house.  
In 1837 he emigrated, with his family, to Ohio,  
for the purpose of improving his health. The  
last class meeting he attended was a season of  
great refreshing to his soul, from the presence  
of the Lord. He long prayed for holiness of  
heart. Several weeks before he died he was  
enabled to claim his inheritance among them  
who are sanctified by faith in Christ.

J. C. BONTÉCOU.

BETSEY, wife of Dr. H